



SATURDAY, SEPT 13, 1920



AN UNSHAKEN ROCK.

"Your lever is long and your lever is strong.
And strong are your arms that wield;
Thrust it down with a shock beside this
huge rock,
And lift the curse from the field."

A cheer smites the sky as to their work
hies,
The workmen brawny and bold
"Hurray; now shall come out with care and
with shout,
The rock that curses the world."

They work with a will and they work with
skill;
They spare neither tact nor toll—
"Why flashes not out with shout upon
about
That ancient plague of the soil?"

At cry of grief I will tell thee, O chief,
What rock thy workmen assail;
With the strength of their might
and strength of their might,
And yet do nothing but fail.

'Tis the Book of the Lord, the Book of
His Word,
Bunk deep in the heart of the race,
On which the Lord stands, all worlds in
His hands,
To keep the Rock in its place.

When the Lord of all lands on his bed-rock
stands,
He weighs the weight of the sky,
Full surely in vain will men struggle and
strain,
That Rock from its bed to pry.

They may wrestle and pry, may wrestle
and die,
To lift that Rock from its bed;
But vain is their thought and their lever
are naught—
But shadows in hands of the dead!
—E. F. Burr, in Ram's Horn.

THE STEADFAST FACE.

How to Meet the Temptation to Turn
Aside from the Plain Path
of Duty.

There is nothing more striking in
the story of the Christ than the
phrase: "He steadfastly set His face
to go to Jerusalem." It is a sentence
that might well be set high in the
memory of every young man and
woman who may read these lines.
The greatest temptation that sweeps
over one's life is met by Him. That
temptation is to turn aside from
the plain path of duty; the
temptation to let go and "climb up
some other way." Whatever we may
think of the temptation in the wil-
derness, the sum of it was: "Turn
aside from the Divine path; do not
go to your throne by the pathway
of suffering; come with me and I
will show you an easier way." It
was the temptation to gain the vic-
tory without the cross that threw
its shadow over Him. But against
this temptation, as against all others
of a similar kind, He set His
face, and steadfastly went toward
the goal God had set for Him. He had
a face of flint, and nothing could turn
him aside. That spirit of steady-
fastness, that face of flint, is needed
to-day. We need to put a bolder
front toward the tempter—Baptist
Union.

MOST PUZZLING VICES.

Profanity Promotes No Interest and
Gives No Pleasure, But Only
Brutalizes Character.

"Thou shalt not take the name of
Jehovah thy God in vain." Profanity
is the most puzzling of all vices, for
it looks so improbable that its ef-
fects should be so profound. No man
realizes beforehand what damage it
will do him, nor afterwards what it
has done him. Thus discovery is left
for others. They know that he has
been coarsened, vulgarized and bru-
talized. I knew a man who wouldn't
believe how coarse and vulgar and
brutal profanity was, until one day
(to teach him a lesson), his beautiful
wife began to wear like a pirate. It
gave him such a shock of horror
that he never uttered another oath.
The devil has some sort of reward
for every vice but swearing, and that
dirty service he gets men to perform
for nothing. It gratifies no passion,
it promotes no interest, it gives no
pleasure. On the other hand, it de-
stroys reverence, offends all decent
people, and insults God. An oath in
the mouth of a boy is a worm in a
flower, a serpent in a bird's nest, a
wail in a cradle.—S. S. Times.

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS.

They are dearer to God than seek
something from Him than they that
seek to bring something to Him.—John
Evangelist Gossner.

What the world really needs is men
who have news from the land of the
ideal, who have God's life within them,
who open afresh the springs of living
water that quench the thirst of the
soul.—J. Brierley.

Aim at perfection in every thing,
though in most things it is unattain-
able; however, they who aim at it and
persevere will come much nearer to
it than those whose laziness and de-
pendency make them give it up as
unattainable.—Chesterfield.

True success does not mean sim-
ply having one's own way. There is a
way which seemeth right unto a man,
but the end thereof are the ways of
death. True success in this case would
mean failure, so far as our plans and
purposes are concerned.—United Pres-
byterian.

There is a fullness of the Spirit in
Christ; and it is not like the fullness
of a vessel, which only retains what

is poured into it; but it is the full-
ness of a fountain, for diffusion and
communication; which is always send-
ing forth its water and yet is always
full.—Thomas Boston.

SOUL BREATHING ROOM.

A Inner Life Needs a Large Place
in Which to Expand—Some
Simple Suggestions.

There is something very suggestive
in the thanksgiving which David re-
turns to God for bringing him into a
large place. He had been beset by ene-
mies and had been compelled, per-
haps, to hide away in a cave and keep
in narrow quarters. And so, when
his enemies were overthrown and he
was permitted to go out at will on the
mountain or in the valley, to go freely
in the open fields or in the town, to
breathe the air of liberty with none to
make him afraid, he would, because of
his past experience, have a new sense
of appreciation of the largeness of an
unfettered, uncramped life.

I saw a man recently who, after liv-
ing for many years in the heart of the
city, had moved out into the suburbs,
where he had a little ground about
with a chance for a garden and a few
apple trees, and I asked him why he
liked being out there so much better,
and he replied: "Oh, I have a chance
to turn round and to breathe."

The soul will tell the body needs
breathing-room. And to give it a
chance to breathe well we must not
crowd it too closely with worldly
things that can never furnish atmos-
phere for it. The supreme folly of the
rich man described by Jesus, whom
God named "Fool," was that he under-
took to feed his soul on the kind of
goods which he could stow away in the
barn. Many people are making the
same mistake now. They crowd their
lives so full of work and pleasure which
appeal only to the temporary life that
they smother the soul to death.

There are some simple things which
help to give breathing-room to the
soul. One of them is Bible-reading.
The best soul atmosphere in the world
is that which clings about the word of
God. We have a great deal to say now
about condensed foods. And we have
exhibitions occasionally showing the
marvelous power of liquid air. There
is more condensed spiritual atmos-
phere, if I may so speak, in the word
of God than anywhere else in the world.

There are breezes stored up in the
Psalm which a man may feel on the
inner brow if he gives himself up to
them for a few moments. The water
of life springs fresh and cool and
inspiring from many a mountain range
of Bible prophecy. The fragrance of
wild flowers, the charm of water lilies,
may be breathed from the sayings of
Jesus, and from the incidents of lov-
ing self-sacrifice and transformed liv-
ing which one finds in the stories of
early Christianity in the New Testa-
ment. If one will give a certain amount
of time every day to reverent reading
of the Bible, the soul will have a chance
to breathe.

Prayer is another source of a spiritual
atmosphere. Quiet contemplation of
the Divine existence, of God's nearness,
of His loving care, the breathing out
to Him thanksgiving for past mercies
and present joys and the expression
of the longings and desires of one's in-
ner self are soul-breathings. Espe-
cially is this true of secret prayer. To
go alone into the closet and shut the
door, separating one's self from trou-
blesome thoughts, of money, and
perplexing problems on expediency in
daily living and turning to God, seek-
ing His guidance, opening the heart
and pouring out its confidence in lov-
ing trust to the Divine Friend is for
the soul's breathing like going out
of some smoky city, where the air
hangs low with fumes of oil and the
dust of traffic, into the open
country where the breath of the
fields and the woods sweetens the
clear atmosphere through which the
eyes look up to the stars.

Another way through which the
soul finds breathing-room is in do-
ing good to others. Jesus kept His
soul wholesome and sweet during His
earthly pilgrimage not only by much
prayer and communion with God, but
by going about doing good. Day by
day He had the satisfaction of know-
ing that His deeds were blessing
others, and so His soul breathed con-
stantly this atmosphere of help-
fulness and blessing.

No man can have a wholesome,
healthy, happy spiritual nature un-
less he gives the soul breathing-
room in unselfish doing good deeds
to his fellow-men. Many a man who
has been selfish and fretful, unhap-
py, spiritually diseased, has had his
life transformed into joyous spiritual
health by being led into fellowship
with Christ while bringing blessings
to others.

Dr. Arthur Brooke points out how
well Dickens pictures this in his
Christmas carol. At the beginning
of the story we have a portrait of
Scrooge, a tight-fisted man, hard as
a grindstone, sharp as a flint, from
whom no steel had ever struck out
generous fire; secret and self-con-
tained and solitary as an oyster. No-
body ever stopped him in the street
to say with happy look: "How are
you?" Even the beggar never im-
plored him for alms; no child ever
looked up in his face to ask him the
time of day. He was rich, but dis-
mal, morose and blue. He had never
done good to any one. He had
planned and toiled only for himself;
but he was visited by three ghosts—
the ghost of the past, the ghost of
the present and the ghost of the fu-
ture—and they taught him a lesson.
He became a good friend, a good
employer and a good man, and
opened his heart and purse to others.
His soul began to breathe and hap-
piness and beauty blossomed in the
life that had been desolate and bar-
ren. I commend to you these three
storehouses of condensed spiritual
atmosphere, open to all—prayer,
Bible-reading and unselfish service
for your fellow-men.—Louis Albert
Banks, D. D., in N. W. Christian Ad-
vocate.

The Quarrel.
"How did it happen?"
"Well, she insisted on going to the
club, and he threatened to go home to
his father."—Judy.

HOME IN PIANO BOX.

Baltimore Fisherman Spends His
Life in Tight Quarters.

Likes It Because He Has to Pay No
Rent and Isn't Bothered About
Anything—Hints to Prospec-
tive Hermit.

Not many of even the meek and
lowly spirited citizens of Baltimore
would take kindly to the thought of
living nine months of the year in a
piano box six feet long by two and one-
half feet wide and five feet high, says
the Baltimore Sun.

And yet that is what James Thomas
Bailey, a weather-beaten and white-
haired fisherman, 58 years old, has
been doing for the past four years. He
seems to thrive on it, too.

The box stands at the end of a row
of others, all of which, with the ex-
ception of Bailey's, contain fishing
tackle, on the shore of Spring Gardens,
at the foot of Hanover street.

About ten years ago Bailey became a
fisherman at the spot where he now
lives. He says that the idea of seek-
ing the piano box was first suggested
to him when the snow of the famous
blizzard of February, 1898, sifted
through the cracks of a shanty he was
then occupying and opened its sides to
the weather. He thought a more com-
pact apartment would be better, and,
looking upon the row of boxes that line
the shore, determined that one of them
would be the very thing.

One for 75 cents, fitted it with some
bed clothing, and has lived there ever
since, cooking his meals on the open
ground just outside.

To a visitor of the place Mr. Bailey
hospitably showed his home. "Yes,"
he said, in reply to a question as to
whether it really was true that he lived
in a box, "there it is." And, lifting the
tin-covered lid, he displayed the in-
terior.

It is truly a lesson in economy of
space. On a shelf running the length
of the box, out a half-foot below the
top, were placed pipes, tobacco, a cof-
fee pot, comb and brush, fishing tackle
and many useful articles. There was
no attempt at ornamentation. In the
bottom, with about three feet of space
between it and the top, was Mr. Bai-
ley's bed. It hardly looked like a bed,
wearing apparel being scattered about
it so promiscuously—blue overalls,
spare trousers, and, sticking aggres-
sively in the center, Mr. Bailey's re-
serve wooden leg, painted black and
highly polished.

"Well, you will certainly never tum-
ble out of bed," said the visitor.
"No, and I never have to hunt for
the keyhole," was the answer, as Mr.
Bailey showed that he had no lock
on his street door, but it was simply
fastened by a common padlock staple
minus the padlock. "I don't live here
all the year 'round," he further ex-
plained. "You see, in the real cold
weather a man would freeze. That
blizzard taught me that. But I come
early in April and stay until late in
December. The other months I usual-
ly spend with my daughter in town.
I make my living by fishing here in the
river. I own a boat and I own my own
house, and I'm contented. When I
go in and shut the lid down nothing
bothers me—I'm dead to the world.
If it rains I hear the patter of it out-
side, but it don't come in. You see, I
have the top covered with tin. I don't
pay any taxes—I don't pay any rent.
I ain't bothered about anything."

It All Depended on Dinah.
A girl baby was recently brought
to a clergyman to be baptized. He
asked the name of the baby.
"Dinah M.," the father responded.
"But what does the 'M.' stand for?"
Interrogated the minister. "Well, I
do not know yet; it all depends upon
how she turns out." "How she turns
out?" Why, I do not understand you,"
said the cleric. "Oh, if she turns out
nice and sweet and handy about the
house like her mother I shall call her
Dinah May. But if she has a fiery
temper and displays a bombshell dis-
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Dinah Might."

Market for Stolen Goods.
In the City of Mexico is a Thieves'
market, in which stolen goods are
publicly offered for sale. It occupies
an entire square. Here may be
found everything that is portable,
from a telescope to a ring, a silk
dress, or a pair of stockings, and the
articles are sold at about one-fifth
of their actual value. The thieves do
not sell the goods openly, for that
would be dishonest, in the estimation
of the Mexicans, but the sellers are
they who purchase secretly from the
thieves.

TRAMP ACROSS COUNTRY.
Familiar Trip Undertaken by Two
Chicago Girls for a Wager of
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Having "beaten" their way, penni-
less, almost 5,000 miles, Miss Louise
Gause and Miss Grace Poland, of Chi-
cago, have reached Omaha again, on
their return trip, and, while the life
of adventure has had its charms, the

girls started to reach San Francisco
and to return without a cent.

Since then they have experienced
many odd and some fascinating ad-
ventures. Much of the way they rode
on the best trains, simply inviting con-
ductors to "search us" for money.
Some of the distance they "bummed"
on freights, while many miles were
covered by actual pedestrianism.

The cold waves throughout the val-
ley of the middle west in May has
made "hoboing" really dangerous, and
the girls say they almost froze one
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brake beams of a coal car, between
North Platte and Kearney, Neb.

At Omaha the tramps found swit-
ching their complete new attire, sent on
by a Salt Lake City man, who had
learned their story when they passed
through there and admired their pluck.
The girls are somewhat dubious now
as to the wisdom of their actions. Said
Miss Gause:

"It's been a good experience, no
doubt, and in some practical ways I
suppose we have both benefited. How-
ever, it has cost me dear. My face is
now as leathery as a cowboy's and my
hair is bleached to an unhealthy tint.
I'll stay home hereafter. We expected
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Familiar Trip Undertaken by Two
Chicago Girls for a Wager of
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Having "beaten" their way, penni-
less, almost 5,000 miles, Miss Louise
Gause and Miss Grace Poland, of Chi-
cago, have reached Omaha again, on
their return trip, and, while the life
of adventure has had its charms, the

young women are overjoyed at being
so near the end of their long journey.

It was a little wicker of six pairs of
gloves that actuated this freak trip
on the part of two girls, who were well
provided for at home. On March 20
last, more than three months ago,



REFIDING ON A COAL CAR.

they started to reach San Francisco
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Since then they have experienced
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Some of the distance they "bummed"
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The girls are somewhat dubious now
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pay any taxes—I don't pay any rent.
I ain't bothered about anything."

It All Depended on Dinah.
A girl baby was recently brought
to a clergyman to be baptized. He
asked the name of the baby.
"Dinah M.," the father responded.
"But what does the 'M.' stand for?"
Interrogated the minister. "Well, I
do not know yet; it all depends upon
how she turns out." "How she turns
out?" Why, I do not understand you,"
said the cleric. "Oh, if she turns out
nice and sweet and handy about the
house like her mother I shall call her
Dinah May. But if she has a fiery
temper and displays a bombshell dis-
position like mine I shall call her
Dinah Might."

Market for Stolen Goods.
In the City of Mexico is a Thieves'
market, in which stolen goods are
publicly offered for sale. It occupies
an entire square. Here may be
found everything that is portable,
from a telescope to a ring, a silk
dress, or a pair of stockings, and the
articles are sold at about one-fifth
of their actual value. The thieves do
not sell the goods openly, for that
would be dishonest, in the estimation
of the Mexicans, but the sellers are
they who purchase secretly from the
thieves.

TRAMP ACROSS COUNTRY.
Familiar Trip Undertaken by Two
Chicago Girls for a Wager of
Six Pairs of Gloves.

Having "beaten" their way, penni-
less, almost 5,000 miles, Miss Louise
Gause and Miss Grace Poland, of Chi-
cago, have reached Omaha again, on
their return trip, and, while the life
of adventure has had its charms, the

This offer is, without the least doubt, the greatest value for the least
money ever offered by any newspaper in the whole history of journalism.

* FULL SIZE *
3 1/2 Cts. SHEET MUSIC a Copy
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WE have made arrangements with one of the largest music houses of Boston to furnish our
readers with ten pieces, full size, complete and unabridged sheet music for thirty-five cents.
The quality of this sheet music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all
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printed on regular sheet-music paper, from one piece made from large, clear type—including
colored titles—and is in every way first-class, and worthy of your home. 3,000,000 copies sold!

LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

313	Alma Transcription	318	Are you lonely now my darling? Chorus	Rutten
314	Andante in G Major	319	At Night	At Night
315	Andante in G Major	320	At Night	At Night
316	Andante in G Major	321	At Night	At Night
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